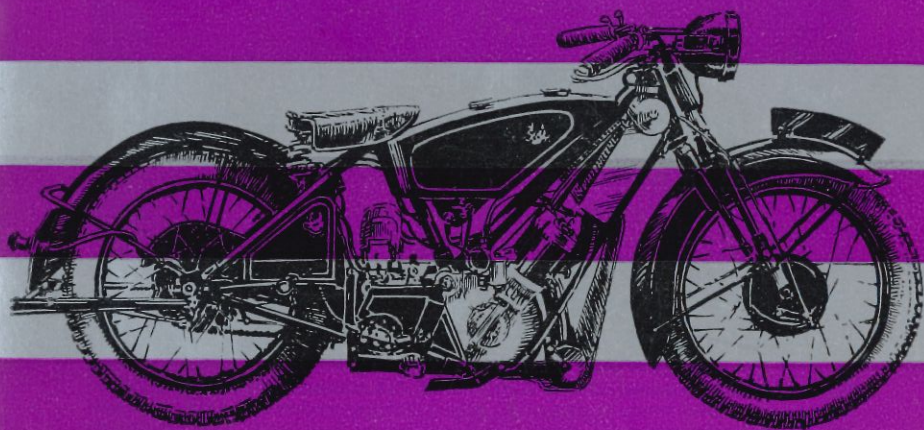
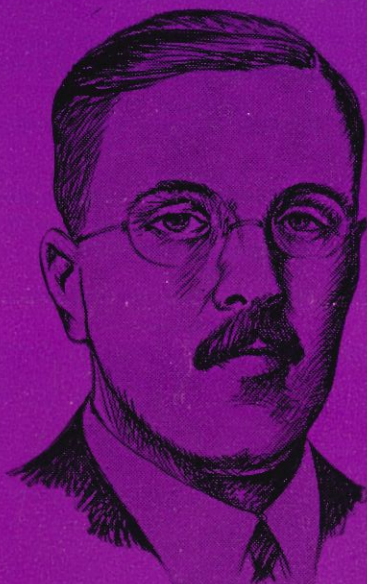


15-12

YOWL



JOURNAL OF THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

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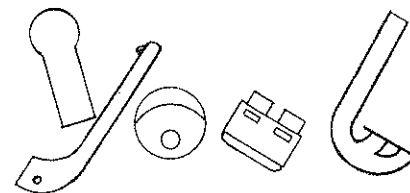
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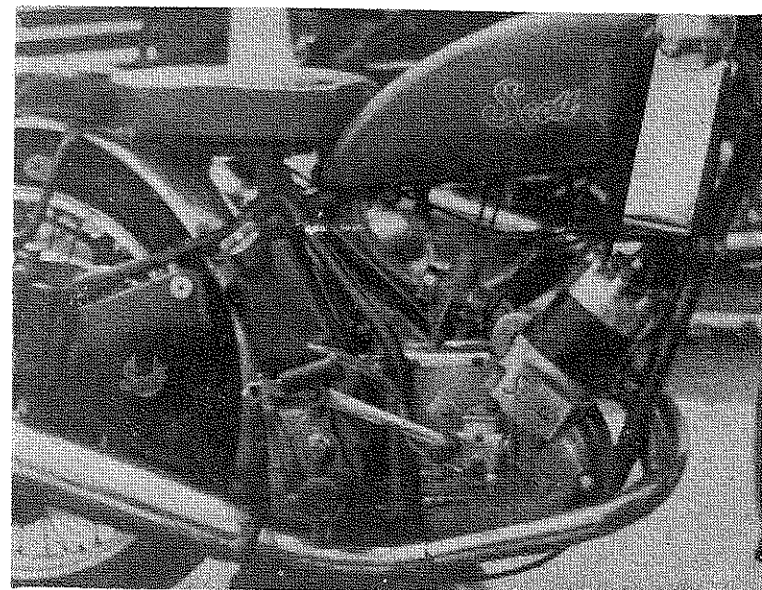


JOURNAL OF THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

Vol. 15: No. 2

FEBRUARY 1987

Published six times a year for enthusiasts and those interested in
the Scott Motorcycle.



Close-up offside view of one of the neatest and most compact Scott Specials — John Catchpole's famous J.C. Scott, OKN 317, as seen on Douglas Promenade in 1960. Six-bronze welded frame, Velocette 4-speed box, Norton rear plungers, alloy rims and monobloc Amal were all improvements for the Scott rider. Exhaust bend and silencer were as smooth and graceful as could be; even the oil feed-pipes had tidy little elbow-unions passing through the aluminium flange to rear of crankcase. Photograph supplied by R.H. Platt. (See also page 29.)

A FEBRUARY THOUGHT FROM ALL OF US

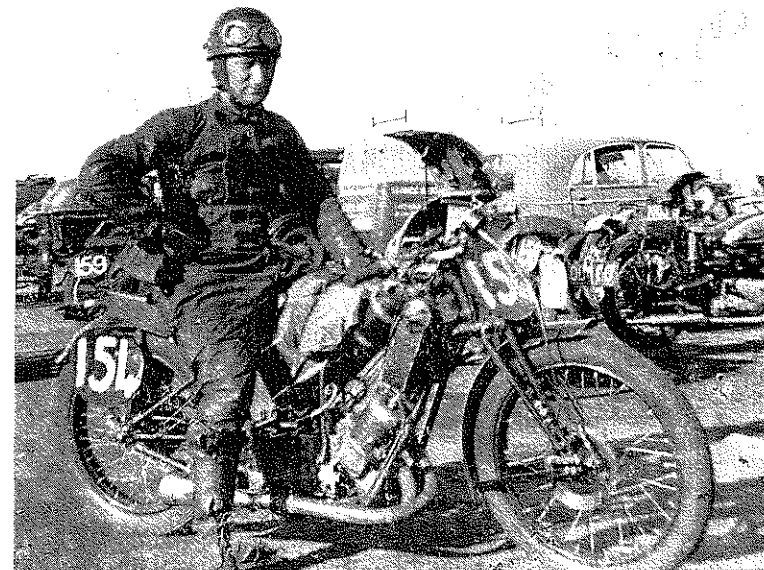
This first issue of *Yowl* to appear in 1987 should reach you in early February, a time of year traditionally associated with snow, rain and hibernation. Scott riders, racers, rebuilders or just plain readers and rememberers will be looking forward to Spring and Summer months. All of you — pause and share this paragraph of sincere good wishes to our Past President, whose 82nd birthday falls on the 7th of this month. In his own recently expressed words, he is “fading but persevering to the end of this road”, age and diabetes taking toll on a frail body, but not on a gallant spirit which has given lifelong support to all the things initiated by his clever uncle. Harold Scott’s little typewritten letters of congratulation and encouragement must by now be as familiar and famous as the friendly Ward-riden notes, on yellow paper, which poured out from Derby for so many years; his avuncular goodwill and genuine pleasure in seeing Scott enthusiasm alive and well, as the 20th century grows old, as familiar as his ‘*Well done*’ to even the smallest achiever. Nearly thirty years ago, when this club was founded, it was the most natural and appropriate thing in the world for Harold to become its first President. In the very first issue of *Yowl* (August, 1958), his was the first item on the first page. His ‘Message from the President’ ran like this: “In electing me as your first President, the Scott Owners’ Club has graciously given the opportunity of associating the family name — and all that it means in the motor cycle world — with the quality and endeavour of your new Club . . . It is now 50 years since the first two-speed Scott appeared, and I am delighted that the Scott Owners’ Club has taken care, blended with enthusiasm, in laying sound foundations, in order to become firmly established in a real ‘clan’, as it were, both in upholding the best of the past and in ensuring a fine team spirit for the future. You can count on me to support The Club — and all the way. Yours most sincerely, Harold Scott, President”. And all the way it was, his resignation coming while it could still be given with dignity, sure that the future of the S.O.C. was in good hands.

From all of us, from the newest recruit to the oldest member, from 500-odd members the world over — Good wishes for a Very Happy Birthday, Harold!

Seen once, and once only, in over forty years — a *bronze* Scott cylinder head. It was on a mid-’30s Flying Squirrel owned by the late Bill Lewis of Crayford. Bronze gearbox trays, yes, by the dozen; clutch thrusts by the hundred, but only once that detachable cylinder head in bronze. It was last seen in the early ’fifties. Has anyone seen it, or another, since?

* * * *

Something *not* yet seen: a complete Scott exhaust system and silencer in stainless steel. One can see problems, of course, at the junction of thick exhaust flange and stainless thin-wall tubing. Presumably this could be *brazed*, rectangular tubing being swaged out to circular section before the two-into-one welded joint?



John Catchpole with another of his very potent Scotts, photographed at a Southern VMCC race meeting in the 'fifties. This was his famous 498cc Sprint Special, which in its time set several records for Shipley twins. It was fully described in the *Yowl* of June, 1960, when this illustration first appeared.

PURPLE PATCHES NUMBER 6: A SCOTT FROLIC

by C.S. for D.P.*

Monday morning chronic — melancholic
Remember the bucolic weekend's roiling Scotting rollick!
'Oil, essence', succession, 'air, water'; the formula symbolic —
stoic or hysteric start-up special memories, historic . . .
(recall making water to top up; Cleveland Discol for 'alcoholics')
Yowling into the hills until burbling and bubbling "ollick . . . ollick" —
oh, you'll smile at our anticipation at this warning metabolic!
Teapot in the carrier, eggs fresh from some Cleveland farm
Yarn to YarnSike to yarn over breakfast; "nijver took harm"
whole moors spread out for the curlews' call, the 'bikes quiet
curling steam, cooling cylinders, us and all, senses riot!

*(When tea was made straight from the radiator of his Scott, eggs fried on the flat of my Norton crankcase, in the Cleveland Hills in the 'fifties).

NORTHERN SECTION EVENTS DIARY 1987

March 15th (Sunday)	Bradford Industrial Museum, 1.30 p.m.
April 25th (Saturday)	AGM, Blacksmiths Arms, Cosby, Leics, 2.00 p.m.
May 10th (Sunday)	Burnsall Run, noon.
June 14th (Sunday)	Run (details to be announced at a later date).
July 4th (Saturday)	Northern Rally, Hambleton Arms, Sutton Bank, noon.
July 5th (Sunday)	Peter Black Run.
July 19th (Sunday)	Masham Traction Rally (to be confirmed).
September 6th (Sunday)	National Gathering, Stanford Hall.
September 13th (Sunday)	Bradford Industrial Museum, 1.30 p.m.
October 24th (Saturday)	Scott Trial.
December 6th (Sunday)	Bradford Industrial Museum, Meal, noon; Meeting, 1.30 p.m.

Footnote: Details of the June 14th Run will be announced at the March 15th Meeting at the Industrial Museum. Members who cannot attend the March Meeting can obtain details from the Northern Secretary at a later date.

Two new silver spoons have been added to the 'Scott Trial' awards; one is from our past President, the other from Dorothy Smith, widow of the late Philip Smith.

* * * * *

George Folms of Dusseldorf is one of our latest recruits. He has acquired the famous creation of Christiane Christophe, the Paris enthusiast who put a Scott engine into a Motobecane frame. Folms is preserving the 'Scottbecane' as a tribute to the old gentleman, now in his eighties.

* * * * *

36 Grove Crescent,
Bridgnorth,
Shropshire.

A plea from the heart! Where have all the Brum Scotts gone? I think I counted six or seven at our National Rally. Not good enough! Out of a total of 500 made, surely we can do better than this? There is now *no* shortage of engine or gearbox parts, or cycle parts for that matter. I know some spares tend to be pricey but please, gentlemen, can we have at least 10 or 12 Brum Scotts this year?

Yours, etc.

Bob Stephen.

Opposite page: Nearside view of the J.C. Scott Special, as it was when first assembled in 1951. Type 6 Amal is spaced well back, with an air filter up under the tank; bevel-driven BTH is neatly attached without any special castings. The eagle-eyed will note that the crankcase drain plugs are of early type, that the outrigger bracket has been turned through 90° and that there is an upswept, offside exhaust system. Forks are AMC and, yes, the youthful conscript is your Editor before three decades of over-adventurous life had rolled over him. (The picture was taken outside John's Dartford premises, Ventura Motors, then the Scott was coaxed into a Ford Popular and driven up to Birmingham for appraisal by Matt and Harry at St. Mary's Row.)



THE LAST DAYS OF ALFRED A. SCOTT, M.I.A.E. (3)

Readers will no doubt breathe with relief to find that long descriptions of potholing adventures come to an end with this instalment. There are just a few more paragraphs of Scott's article 'On Newby Moss', then we'll return to the surface for a while and look at some of the events which took place early in 1923.

Here are the final paragraphs of Scott's 1922 article:

Standing at the NW corner of the pot and looking upwards, the sheer drop (300 feet) of the main shaft could be followed to where, far overhead, direct daylight entered from the SW side of the surface bridge, and here various odd objects which had been from time to time dropped from above had collected.

Looking towards the dark Eastern side of the pot one could trace in the gloom of a lofty vaulted chamber the distant ledge balcony, faintly illumined by the candles left burning on the ledge. To the right a jagged pillar arose to about 45 feet, leaning away from the ledge rock and leaving a passage a few feet wide between it and the south wall of the chamber. This led up a rough rise of floor to an abrupt end formed by a lofty narrow rib of rock shutting off another cavernous recess.

To determine the extent and nature of this, R.B. clambered up the fissure between the ledge rock and the pillar, whilst secured by a life-line from the balcony edge. Time, however, did not permit of complete investigation, and we began to ascend in turn. First Griffiths, then self, and then the others and R.B.

The ladders were then withdrawn, unlashd, and rolled up, and the pulley apparatus dismantled for conveyance.

Leaving three ladders behind, we carried the rest and a further load of ropes, beams and pulleys, down the hill, and by motor relays to the hotel, proposing to return for the remainder on the following Sunday.

On October 22nd this final trip was made. An early departure of the "Long Kin Special" (in duplicate) landed up at Newby Cote and thence up the steep moor rise for the last time. A party of seven, consisting of our President, Secretary, Griffiths, Bracewell, Moulson, Hodgkinson and self, assembled on the moor with the express purpose of bringing down the remnants of ladders and ropes.

BUT, as we admired the view, considered the ideal conditions and handled the inviting ladders, we gave way to the temptation of "just time for another drop before closing time".

Quickly we let the ladders down as close to the NE side of the bridge as possible. Bracewell led the way, and Griffiths followed to that elusive ledge, some 120 feet below the surface bridge, which we had noticed but always failed to reach on our previous descents. For a long time they retained the life line and proceeded on a perilous exploration of a fissure, reached by precarious traverse.

From the centre, this dry and narrow buttress-ledge sloped steeply to the brink of an abrupt drop, 165 feet on the SW side, and 105 feet on the NE chimney side. Restrained by a knowledge of what happened on either side, the only comfortable and secure place for peaceful contemplation lay precisely in the middle!

After we had all made the return trip and ladders were hoisted up, we prepared to go! But again temptation assailed us as we viewed the unexplored depths of the SW entrance.

Just "ONE MORE!" pleaded R.B.

Our Secretary in desperation tried to hold us back, and threatened immediate resignation!

Pacified by the promise of complete and unassailable plans, he reluctantly aided and abetted!

Whilst ladders were dropped down from the shallow floor of the SW pot, Moulson, tied to a rope, climbed down and explored the narrow depth of a deep fissure in the NE wall of the shaft.

We are sure he did his best, but there were NO AIR CURRENTS. The only agitation was on the top, where we got the "wind up" right enough when later on, without the safeguard of a rope, he indulged in giddy balancing postures over the yawning chasm.

The irrepressible R.B. then descended to a point level with the buttress platform, and on his return lured me down to confirm his observations.

A 45 foot drop over the overhanging walls of the shaft led to a horrid travesty of a ledge, about 2 feet deep and sloping steeply to the edge, with another similar drop to a more promising foothold and then a little further down could be seen the distant buttress top; whilst directly below, the further course of the shaft was swallowed up in the gloom.

Perched on this nightmare stance, I gazed down into the depths, absorbing the details of the rugged fissured walls of the surrounding chasm, which, with a sheer drop of 300 feet, opens directly over the NW corner of the cavern below.

Then, replete with this final dose of Long Kin, I climbed up and out to rejoin the impatiently waiting party above.

Lastly, and without one word more, we departed, loaded with ropes, ladders and rucksacks, leaving Long Kin swept and garnished by worn ladders and rent garments, its caverns explored and all its pitches and ledges delineated, so as to present a charted way, illumined by plan and story, to entice some seven other adventurers!

Then down the hill in the gathering dusk of the shortened autumn day, to the well-flung "Horseshoe" and well laid supper.

Regretfully we left the "Horseshoe" to continue its giddy flight without us!

Perchance some day we may catch it again and use it to shoe the dread G.G. on the neighbouring fell!

Henceforth seen only in winter visions — a high flyer, soaring above the foothills of Ingleborough!

And with the last journey home, the finish of this record of our doings on Newby Moss, and so:—

Fed up with this effort of Scott's

An end to the story of pots!

What Scott had called the 'implacable liquidator' (the wintry West Riding weather) finally brought an end to the Gritstone Club's potholing expeditions for the year 1922. But they held general meetings in September and October, concluding with 'music and refreshments' on each occasion; they enjoyed a November meet on Rylestone Fells, a December meet at Ilkley and finally a Christmas meeting at Strands, Wasdale. They arranged for the purchase of more ladders and the construction of more equipment. Then members parted with traditional Yuletide exchanges, looking forward to their Annual Dinner at the 'Flying Horseshoe Hotel', Clapham, in January 1923, and yet another year of successful Gritstone scabbling.

(to be concluded)

SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB — REGISTER

John Underhill

OX 268	1928	3-sp Super Squirrel	1886	Y1039A	Registered 1927.
OX 4488	1928	Flying Squirrel	1707M	FY3591A	Regd. 1/1/1928, 1931 engine.
OZ 8070	1939	Flying Squirrel	4672	DPY4745	Registered 1952 in Ireland.
EOB 158	1938	Scott Special		DPY4614	In Ireland.
FOB 575	1938	Flying Squirrel	4292M	DPZ4422	Registered 1940/1939, 1937 engine.
JOC 547	1948	Flying Squirrel	4957	DPY5057	
VOC 621	1957	Birmingham	S1100	DPY5432	
VOC 622	1957	Birmingham	S1094	DPY5456	Built to order in Birmingham.
VOC 956	1957	Flying Squirrel	5349	DPY5453	
VOC 957	1957	Birmingham	S1106	DMS1056	
VOC 958	1957	Birmingham	S1108	DPY5443	
COE 299	1936	Flying Squirrel	3837	DPY5489	1957 engine.
FOE 593	1939	Clubmans Special	4702M	DPY5351	Modified 1950 engine.
HOE 244				DPY4795	1947 regd, 1939 engine.
SOE 605	1930	T.T. Replica	3289	PZ2992	Regd. 1955.
VOE 469	1957	Birmingham	S1109	DPY5304	1950 engine
VOE 470	1957	Birmingham	S1010	DPY5436	
WOE 424	1957	Birmingham	S1009	DPY5451	
FOF 535	1940	Holder Special		MDH1005TT	Regd. 1958
JOE 418	1949	Flying Squirrel	5138	DPY5235	
VOF 742	1957	Birmingham	S1110	DPY5491	Now in New Zealand
YOF 96	1959	Birmingham	S1120	DMS1183	
FOG 190	1939	Flying Squirrel	4696M	DPY4774	
JOH 3	1948	Flying Squirrel	5065	DPY5116	
JOH 761	1950	Flying Squirrel	5128	DPY5179	

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCOTT RIDER — No. 5.

Pink for a Girl and the Bulldog Grip.

D. W. Avis.

This tale is of my 1928 Flyer De Luxe in the time when it wasn't so "de-luxe". It was, however, in a much better state than when I first acquired it for £40 down, with a promise to pay the remaining £25 within two months. I was trying to work my way through college and was always short of cash, but had many craftsmen friends who would weld or machine things in exchange for getting their TV, radio, or electrics fixed. Many things had been improved on the Scott. For one thing, the Scott forks had been rebuilt by none other than Frank Byford, later of Greeves Scrambler fame. The central spring unit was now enclosed in a neat telescopic casing, and lubricators incorporated. The sliders were built up by plating and the bushings sleeved. Cut-down Beesa Bantam fork gaiters were fitted to the bottom bushes and below the sliding crown. Now dirt couldn't get in, so the chronic wear problem was alleviated. He had also stripped the wheels, modified the hubs to take modern bearings, and trued-up the brake drums. After plating, the wheels were assembled with the WM2 on the front and the WM3 on the rear, instead of the other way round. (This was a "junk-pile" bike). That WM3 rim on the front was not the original, of course; it had been fitted, no doubt as part of a repair after what must have been a catastrophic crash. Upon removing the forks, I found the top head bearing nested in brass shim because the steering head was split almost to the bottom. To fix this required taking the frame to St. Anne's ironworks where Frank was an employee. Came Saturday morning, my brother and I tackled this task. We strung it between the back mudguard of the Velocette GTP and the handlebars of my big old policeman's bicycle. My brother was on the Velo and I was on the cycle. After many changes of plan before we got out of our street, we eventually made the three mile journey without incident. I cannot imagine us getting away with it today!

At the ironworks, Frank was having trouble persuading his boss to let him work on the frame. For one thing, the boss didn't believe it was a motorcycle, but rather, a section of a bridge. Since the only motorcycle he had ever owned was a belt-drive Triumph, I suppose he should be excused. It turned out though, that the boss, a Mr. Hann, had built his own television from the Wireless World kit (a popular money-saving mistake of the times, when people would scramble to put their name on a list for the privilege of owning a Bond Minicar). This kit set was barely adequate in the London area when assembled by experts, so it's not surprising that it disappointed an ironmonger in Southend, which was at the fringe of reception in those days. Now I had acquired a reputation in the town of being something of a miracle-worker with TV, so it took but a promise to tackle his TV to get the OK for Frank to start welding. He duly clamped shut the crack, then brazed it; adding a strap across it as reinforcement.

Mr. Hann really came up trumps. He shipped the frame to the plating works where they pickled off the many layers of paint, then copperplated it to prevent it rusting before it got painted. You'll be pleased to know that Mr. Hann got his TV made useable and he proved to be a friend in need indeed for years afterwards.

With a bit of handwork the bearing was installed and the head made free of wobble. As a residual effect of the accident, the head angle is slightly steeper and the front bolt has to be undersize. Nevertheless, after the head repair and Frank's treatment of forks and brakes, the road characteristics were superb. When I first acquired the machine, there was an inch of warp and ten degrees of twist in the forks. There was slack in all the bushings and, of course, the head bearing, so that with the front brake applied, the bike could be rocked back and forth a good three

inches. There was sideways movement as well, and with a 3.25 square-sectioned retread on a WM3 rim at the front, the bike had the steering characteristics of a road roller. (This was quite legal however, since by some quirk of just-postwar administration, I was entitled to drive such a contrivance, according to my driving licence). The steering damper was mounted so that it acted like a torsion spring, thus encouraging wobble instead of preventing it. The front brake drum was distorted so the brake had two states; rubbing and locked. At 30 mph applying the brakes would set up a juddering oscillation of the front end which, without a pillion passenger, would pass through the frame and out through the worn rear wheel bearings. The whole act was reminiscent of a dog shedding water after a swim.

As I found out later, the machine had been built up out of a wreck and whatever Scott scraps could be laid hands upon. Lacking petrol/oil tanks and the side covers, the builder made these himself. He was clearly a determined fellow, but lacked theoretical knowledge and any standards of craftsmanship. For example, on my first night ride on the bike, for a headlight beam I had a bright flickering ring of light with a black hole where I was going. "Designed for maximum grief" seemed to be an apt expression applicable to all his work. The junk box had evidently contained a lamp shell, rim and reflector, but had been minus a lampholder. To solve his problem he had installed a small bayonet, two-pole household type of socket, which is designed for high-voltage, low-current application. The contact plungers were useless with low-current application. The contact plungers were useless with low-voltage, high-current lamps, hence the flickering. In addition to this fundamental error, he had mounted the lampholder in the hole in the reflector by means of the shade fixing ring. The bulb therefore sat too far forward, hence the ring of light instead of a spot. I made up a new lampholder with low resistance contacts, and then mounted it so that the bulb was at the focus. The result was now a bluish spot which reached for miles, but was never where it was wanted, the forks being twisted the way they were. Mr. Hann came to the rescue again by making me a new lens out of lavatory window glass, which had a pimpled surface on one side and fluted surface on the other. This diffused and spread the beam nicely. He pointed out to me that the reflector had been chrome-plated, instead of silver. As he put it, "It takes all the punch out of the light". So I lashed out seven shillings (a shilling an inch diameter was the going rate for reflectors), and they did a beautiful job, which after years of polishing never wore through the plating. The transformed the light. When riding in company with new bikes, my headlamp outshone their sealed-beam units, much to the dismay of the owners.

One item that attracted me to the machine was the tank. This had been painstakingly built around the bar from the wrecked tank. It was graceful and of voluminous capacity. It was finished in black, with the edges trimmed with polished three-quarter-round aluminium beading. A large quick-release filler cap, large knee pads and Scott transfers put the finishing touches to what was a very handsome tank indeed. But oh!, the grief it was to bring me. For starters, the petrol tap was mounted in a ferrule in the flat bottom. The last quarter gallon would therefore not get to the carburettor without swaying the bike — an inconvenience, to say the least, at a time when petrol was rationed. One night I was returning home after a sing-song session with the club at a pub in the country. I thought I had enough fuel, but three miles short of the nearest garage I reached the level where "swishing" became necessary. So there was I, standing on the footrests and swaying the bike between my knees like a cyclist ascending a steep hill. At only 25 mph. I was easily overhauled by a police car and signalled to stop. They accepted my story, but left me with a warning to leave the Scott and walk. So helpful in time of need. However, before leaving, one cop made a strange remark; "Make like the crow", he said. Now anyone who has done mathemometry at school knows

that the shortest distance between two pints is a straight eight, or well tuned Scott, whichever comes soonest. But to cut a long story sideways, there was no chance whatever of taking a short cut in that area. Now it was as I warmed my hands on the radiator that it came to me what Aesop's crow did to bring up the later level so that he could drink from a pitcher. The next ten minutes were spent polishing pebbles and dropping them into the tank. With no baffles to impede this process, (a later source of grief, I might add), the level was raised enough to get me to the garage before it closed.

The real anguish started soon after, as a proud new owner, I was showing it off to my motorcycling friends. It leaked. It leaked at the seams, underneath the beading, which was stuck on with Bostik glazing compound. This was a black, rubbery compound, eagerly dissolved by petrol. I suffered the ever-increasing sticky mess which got over everything and made the bike look a sorry sight, until one evening returning from a pub run, the left side beading came right off and was run over by a four-valve Rudge following close behind. Back home, attempts were made to solder the split seam, but laws seemed to be applying to the solder that even the Great Murphy hadn't thought of as yet. Having eventually met with some measure of success, I put everything back together, with army webbing straps around to make sure the beading stayed put. But worse was to follow. When my petrol ration for the month was exhausted, I was persuaded to use methanol at five shillings a gallon. This stuff not only washed out the remaining Bostik, but dissolved the lacquer on the tank, and upon drying, glued the straps firmly to it. There was nothing for it but to tackle the job head on. The tank was duly removed and washed out with detergent and water to remove traces of fuel. It was then heated with a blowlamp to run the solder out of the seams. But the Devil had got into the solder and it would not flow. Eventually I hit upon the plan of adding good solder to the mess and drawing it out by using copper braiding as a wick. Thirty years later it is a standard method of removing solder from the holes in printed circuit cards.

I eventually made what I thought was a fair job of the seams, but how could I test it? I hit upon idea No. 2 when I noticed that a piece of cork float would just fit the filler hole. Having bunged up that opening, I made up an adaptor involving a bicycle tyre valve and connected it to the petrol tap. I could now "pump up" the tank. Painting the seams with soapy water revealed a host of pinholes which were carefully spotted with solder. Progress was painfully slow however since you can't solder a pinhole with pressure behind it. Then bright idea No. 3 struck me. I carefully mapped the pinholes by ringing each with a scribe. I then reversed the valve direction and the washer on the pump introduced a slight vacuum in the tank. Each pinhole was then spotted with solder and I achieved 95% success first time. Eventually, all holes were blocked and the tank stood all night, full of fuel without leaking a drop.

The beading was essential to hide those hideous seams, but how was it to be attached? Bostik was out, for sure! It was a small flat metal container that spawned idea No. 4. I think it once held Asprins, but in any event, the lid was held closed by a lip being popped over a pimple on the box. I would, I thought, cut grooves inside the beading, which had a "three-quarter of a round pie" section. If I could form "pimples" on the tank edges, the beading could snap right on. So much for the idea of hanging a bell on the cat, (you really must read this fellow Aesop). It's great to come up with bright ideas, providing YOU don't have to carry them out. It was therefore a few days before idea No. 5 struck home. The plan was to mill the grooves using a tool that I didn't have. It was a few more days then, before I could see how to make the tool, having exhausted all avenues for borrowing one. I took a useless $\frac{1}{8}$ bolt, whose cycle thread was mutilated (as usual) and cut through the head so that it was now only $\frac{1}{4}$ thick. Radial cuts were hacksawed just ahead of each point

on the hexagon, then half the flat ahead of each cut was filed to expose a cutting edge. Since this was an H.T. bolt, it would be tough enough to cut soft aluminium; but how was I to hold everything? After trying to clamp the beading and handle the pistol drill was driving the cutter, with no success, I came up with idea No. 6. I would clamp the drill in the vice and hold the beading in my hands. Dangerous? Not so bad if you're wearing motorcycling gloves and goggles. With short grooves cut as planned at seven points around the beading and matching "pimples" comprising shallow "croquet hoops" of wire, soldered on the tank, the beading snapped on beautifully. The join at the bottom was drilled and pulled together with wire, being also wired across to the opposite side as a precaution against Mr. Murphy's intervention and marauding four-valve Ridges.

After the previously described inspired engineering, it must have been a fit of madness that directed what followed. I repainted the tank in a pretty metallescent PINK. This was prepared by adding cylinder block enamel to aluminium paint. The thought in the back of my mind was probably that if I hated the colour enough, I would never have to fix it again. Boy! was I wrong about that, as the next tale will surely tell.

Of course, there may have been an ulterior motive to my choice of paint, and I will leave it up to you to decide upon the truth. The girls in the M.C. club all loved it and kept asking for rides around the club field. There was this really bouncy one whose favourite colour was pink. I used to take her for a ride when conducting brake tests — but then that's another story.

Now maybe I have mentioned the "Hounds" before. A bike-riding, ale-swigging, barbershop-chorussing lot they were. This year a smaller group of six would visit the West Country to compete with the local sailors in cider-swilling, crab-munching and song-singing. The leader elect was, of course, the Wise Old Al (remember him?), on his Comp. AJS, Fuzz on the "Fuzz-Box" twin, (he traded the Duggy for a Matchless twin), and there were three other newish bikes plus my '28 Flyer de Luxe. The "R" burning Norton was not with us this trip. Now on the day about which this story revolves, we had covered a lot of miles and arrived at Shepton Mallet, I think it was. It was early afternoon and we had stopped for essential offices, courtesy of the Town Council. Upon returning to the Scott, I was greeted by the stench of petrol, which was dripping steadily from under the beading. Fortunately, just opposite was a garage with living quarters on one side and a workshop on the other. Outside the former, a rather rubicund and definitely obese individual in his sixties was taking his ease in a chair. Lacking any sign of a more worthwhile person, I approached him and explained my problem. "Be nobody to do it 'till Monday" he responded, "Unless yer handy yersen". Since editors are usually loath to print the vernacular, I will pass over the dialogue that followed, but it's sufficient to state that I was set up with bench, vice, blowlamp, soldering iron — the complete kit, in fact.

Removing the tank was easy; I'd done it so many time, but all I could find to flush it out was paraffin oil. I then set to work to get the solder out of the cracked seam. The old boy came out with two cups of oily tea and stood and watched. He waited until I turned from my task to the tempting tea, and then spoke. "Got a snag with theyn seams"? he asked. Tank'll never be no use made o' galvanised", he followed; "Solder'll turn to dough on yer, never get no good flow an'll pull right orf". "Better scrape to the steel an' do it right", he concluded, gathering up the oily cups. At this point I began to realise that I had rather underestimated the old boy when I first set eyes upon him. But although I knew he spoke the truth, I was very reluctant to open the seams right up. I therefore compromised by heating with the blowlamp and cleaning out the solder with a wire brush.

I was five minutes into this when IT HAPPENED. Now this old shop was dingy indeed; made one think of Dickensian conditions in the mills,

workers chained to their benches and all that. This all flashed through my mind as a manacle snapped shut around my right ankle! For a few seconds my brain ceased to function and it was several seconds more before I could bring myself to look down. What I saw only happens in dreams, promoted by an overdose of Gorgonzola cheese. A very large BULLDOG, as obese as its owner, had its jaws firmly shut about my right ankle. It wasn't shaking — just clamping. I quickly developed a theory that age had cost it its back teeth, sufficient to say that it still had quite an array of frontal incisors that negated any chance of pulling free. With its head on one side, the dog's bloodshot eye floating loosely in its socket seemed to challenge me to make the next move. I toyed with the idea of putting the blowlamp to it, but remembering the bulldog reputation for tenacity, I desisted. I didn't much fancy walking around with a roast on my ankle. So I decided to ignore it, although its slobber was soaking my sock.

Determined that nothing would deflect me from my task, I plugged the filler hole with rag and returned to heating the tank. Suddenly my dilemma to open, or not to open the seams was resolved for me. With a roar like an express train exiting a tunnel, the tank blew. The sides opened, the bottom came out, and the rag soared, flaming like a Roman-candle, across the shop. The dog never moved a muscle. But now the burning rag was sitting on top of the five-gallon drum containing the petrol I had drained from the tank. Being of organised disposition (at least, in someone else's shop), I had placed it well away from the area of operation in front of a rack containing paraffin oil, methylated spirit and turpentine. What followed would have made a beautiful segment for a Chaplin movie. Believing his shop to be in good hands, the owner had gone off down the street on some errand, with a parting request to serve petrol and answer the phone in his absence. Knowing this, the scream for help was quenched before a sound was uttered. Almost as in a dream, I found myself dragging fifty pounds of bulldog across the shop. I flicked the rag off the drum, then stamped out the flames with my free foot. I looked around for help, but none was forthcoming, so I dragged the dog back to the bench and proceeded to scrape the now exposed seams. But the Chaplin sequence was not yet over. The rag, being partly oil and partly dry, had sat and smouldered and now burst brightly into flame once more. Again, I tobogganed the dog across the floor to stamp out the flames. Following this, I kicked and dragged my way to the water tap to wet down the rag, then to the 'phone, and then to serve petrol to a rather toffee-nosed, Norfolk-jacketed, pink-organdied couple in a green Vintage Lagonda. After two pounds-worth of petrol had been poured into that giant tank, it still sounded empty. The couple watched my painful progress around the car, but made no comment until the straight-eight had commenced its rumbling and the gears had finished grating. "Why don't you" issued from beneath the tied-down floppy hat, "Put your pet on a leash, like ordinary folk?" This parting shot was followed by the burble of big-bore barrels and the groan of straight-cut gears as the monster took off down the narrow street.

Now nothing is for ever, and before I could put the cash into the till, the owner waddled his way back onto the scene. He stashed the proffered cash into a pocket and surveyed my plight. "See you've made a friend", he observed. "Should'er thought on it", he followed, "Stoppen yersen still an'll 'ave 'er orf in a jiffy". (More of this, later.) My burden removed, we walked over to look at my somewhat spherical tank. "Blew on yer?", he queried. I sheepishly agreed, but omitted to mention the Roman-candle episode. "Clean they seams, tin 'em well, then give me a call", he instructed. Now I am used to being self-reliant in mechanical matters, since my father, a genius in his own field, could not knock in a nail without bending it, splitting his thumb or the wood, or having the head off the hammer! I was therefore inclined to do the whole job myself. As it turned out, no sooner was the donkey work done, than the

old boy returned and took over. He coaxed the tank back into shape and secured it with a couple of hoops of wire. He then flushed out the air with a CO2 fire-extinguisher and stuffed up the filler hole with rag. With four hands to control the blowlamp, soldering iron, flux and solder, those freshly tinned seams were closed in minutes. The old boy toddled away to make some more oily tea, leaving me to wrap the job up.

But my troubles were not over yet. Upon rolling the tank over to start attaching the beading, I heard a small object rattle across inside. Upon shaking it out of the filler hole I found it was the screwed insert for the petrol tap. This was made so that it could only be fitted from the inside, which meant opening the tank again. Now I may have mentioned my Guardian Angel before, if not, meet him now. He never seems to keep me out of trouble, but can mostly be relied upon to present me with just a smidgen of a solution when I'm really up to my neck. So it came to pass that my eye fell upon an Andrews Liver Salt tin that held borax for brazing. Its lid had a nice flat flange around it and a domed centre. In no time, I had part drilled, then broached a suitable hole and soldered the insert into it. I then tinned the bottom of the tank and soldered the tin lid over the hole meant for the insert. Out of this adversity came the solution to the long-standing problem of getting the last quarter-gallon down the pipe. The tap now sat three-eighths inch lower, surrounded by a little "moat" into which dirt could settle but not escape.

I was just thanking the G.A. when that damned bulldog got me again, so I just dragged it to the bike and set about installing the tank. This task was just about completed when the old boy appeared with yet more oily tea. "Gotten yer agin, I see", he commented, "Just loves young men she does'n, her being a bitch like". "Had six litters this's, but ern lost moster 'ern teeth with the last". I couldn't but feel grateful to the dog that had last served her. He quickly disconnected the mother of many mutts and chained her up. We sipped and chatted whilst I completed the assembly of the Scott. I had just about completed the decontamination of my right boot and donned a clean pair of socks, when the bark of the Comp A.J. announced the return of the hounds. They were all in a pretty happy state, having been involved in a cider-and-skittles competition at a local hostelry.

I thanked the old boy, who refused any kind of payment, so I prevailed upon the Hounds to fill up at his pumps. We eventually got under way, but not before Fuzz had approached too near that dog. Now Fuzz was one of the rich guys among us and of rather selfish disposition. He was very given to laughing at other people's misfortunes, particularly if he were the cause. Earlier, he had rammed the back of the Scott whilst eyeing the parading skirts. He had catapulted me right over the handlebars and bent the Scott's back carrier. It took all of Al's tremendous strength to straighten it enough to get the mudguard off the tyre. The only thing that stopped him laughing was that he toppled off his bike. He groaned about the bent lever that resulted for the rest of the trip.

Being by nature a forgiving type, I revelled in his discomfort, and signalled the old boy to let the dog have its pleasure with him. The Wise old Al tried to coax it, but all he got was a flicker from that watery eye. I waited until madness was about to overtake Fuzz, then I walked over and pushed my foot down upon that stubby tail. The jaws snapped open like a pedal bin that holds the kitchen waste. Fuzz was on his bike and away down the street in a flash. He never actually said "thankyou" as such, but he did buy me a beer later on, after a pony ate my camera filter on Dartmoor.

Well! That's the story of the Bulldog Grip and how to break it. So now it's told, can you believe it?

PARTICIPATION TROPHY

Jem. Wilcox

The winner of the Participation Trophy for 1986 is Martin Hodkin of Sheffield. Martin, known best as the hard-working Northern Section secretary, is the person who most epitomises the ideals of enthusiasm and participation in S.O.C. events. He has entered a Scott in all the Northern Section events and the National Gathering, as well as finding time to work on his 'garage full' of Scotts — a most worthy recipient of the trophy.

However, in view of the overall poor response to the Participation Trophy this year, perhaps it is time to re-state the objectives and hopes of the scheme.

The trophy was introduced in the hope of encouraging more Scotts to be entered in the Scott Owners' Club events — surely Scotts and the S.O.C. mean more to us than mere 'vintage' motorcycles do? — and I think that the main attraction at the 'dos' is the viewing of the congregated Scotts, be they trailered or ridden to the event. The 'mileage' aspect of entering for the Participation Trophy was incorporated only to decide a winner in the occurrence of a tie in the number of events entered. The description of the scheme first appeared in *Yowl* in the December 1980 issue.

Most S.O.C. runs are organised by the Northern Section and do take place 'North of Watford', but any southerner wishing to venture regularly into the outback would surely win the trophy by dint of the mileage ridden. Similarly it might be an incentive to badger your own local section into organising more runs — George Stevens's suggestion of a rally in Wales must merit being made a reality.

For next season (1987) it has been decided to do away with a set-out form requiring the signature of an event's organiser. Simply, at the end of the season, make a list of events in which you have a Scott (any Scott or Silk), and the mileage ridden in getting to and from the event as well as the distance ridden during any run involved. Include local section meetings if you take a Scott — it is always nice to see the machines — and send the list to me: —

Jem. Wilcox,

124 Knox Lane, HARROGATE, N. Yorks. HG1 3AS.

So — in 1987 get out your Scott and participate in the S.O.C. events; maybe even encourage your section secretary to organise more events, and you could win one of the most handsome trophies in the club.

* * * *

Endlich, wenn Herr Hitler noch am Leben ist und in Pentridge wohnt, ist es nicht möglich dass, Herr Scott wieder in Zschopau lebte und die mehren Arten Zweitaktmotoren (von Luft oder Wasser gekühlt, eins, zwei oder drei Zylinder) für DKW da selbst entwarf? Und, um meinen Magnet-zunder gut zu machen, muss ich ihm den Spiegel einfach vorhalten?

The monthly broadsheet *Old Bike Mart* is good hunting ground for those seeking bits and pieces, trade services or news of autojumbles. Its small adverts are wide-ranging and its rates very reasonable: between £1.75 and £2.75 buys you up to 35 words, depending on subject; £3.00 brings you a copy each month for a year — barely enough to cover postage charges. It is well printed and must surely be one of the best value-for-money items in Britain today. (I have no connection other than being a well-pleased subscriber). Publishers are Old Bike Mart, P.O. Box 7, Poynton, Stockport SK12 1TE.

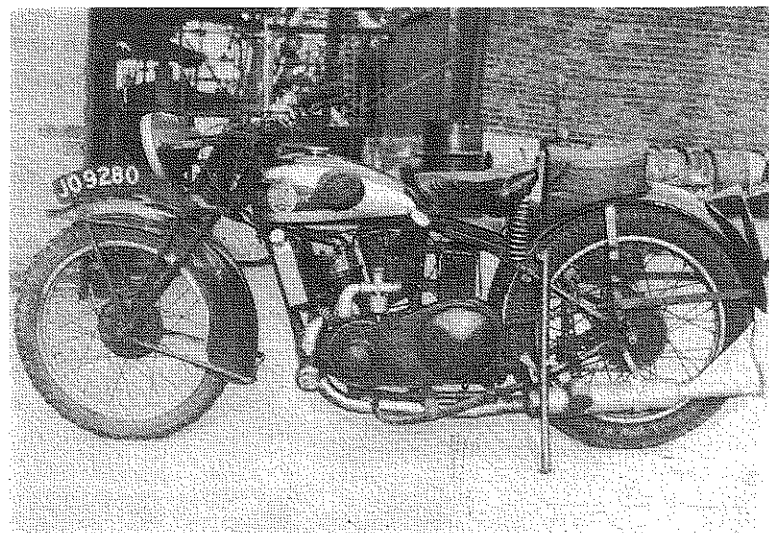
NORTH WEST SECTION NOTES

Dr. John Minns

On Thursday, 11th December ten members met at Jane and Jim Baxter's home where over sherry we welcomed several guests and new member Ron Grant, who is rebuilding a T.T. Replica (and needs a petrol tank).

On our way to the Motor Museum we walked along Lark Lane enjoying its village atmosphere. Jim told us about the origin of the museum and talked about the Italian exhibits — a vintage Lancia raced at Brooklands, a three litre Grand Prix Ferrari, lurking under a sports saloon body, and an ex-works 250ss Moto Guzzi. The wheeled content of the museum is well balanced by clocks, a marine steam engine and the optical illusion of a petrol can being continuously filled, by a pump nozzle with no visible means of supply. Jane provided us with a delicious buffet. Thank you Jane and Jim for a wonderful evening in your fascinating museum.

Our next meeting will be on Thursday, 5th March at the Whipping Stocks.



Half a Scott or the poor man's substitute. Try to identify make, year and model of this machine before turning to the next page. (When originally marketed, it had side panels).

Opposite page: One of our Scottish members, Tom Scott of Canonbie, Dumfries, on his 1928 Super at the Newcastleton Vintage Rally last year. (Harold Scott, who sent the photograph, says that he is not related in any way to this Scott, nor to the other Tom Scott over in Dunfermline.) The Canonbie Scott — the human one — is also a well-known fiddle player.



HALF A SCOTT

Nothing remotely associated with Scotts, except that it's a British water-cooled two stroke — your editor's first motor cycle, a 1934 Excelsior 250cc Viking, as it was in 1948. The engine was a long-stroke Villiers, also fitted to SOS and Vincent W motor cycles, originally with crankcase-pressurised automatic lubrication. Like all 'first' motor cycles it was much loved, and much modified in a time of great austerity. Frame was basically 250cc Manxman, and road-holding was almost up to Scott standards. In turn it was learner vehicle, test-passer, workaday transport, weekend travel mat, holiday magic carpet, roadster, 'racer', engineering testbed, ballroom carriage and courtship chariot all rolled into one! Apart from trivial two-stroke troubles, 'JO' never let me down. It covered thousands of miles on almost empty roads, the width and breadth of the land, on many strange fuels in the days of rationed everything. Note the 'Esway' propstand, a famous accessory in its time, the elaborate home-made exhaust system and the twisted swan-neck inlet manifold. Gearbox was a foot-change 4-speed Albion; ignition by flywheel magneto; lighting by a chain-driven Lucas dynamo mounted between engine and gearbox. (There was a double sprocket mounted *outside* the external nearside flywheel). Originally the fuel tank held oil and petrol compartments, then that huge oil tank was made and tucked under the rear end. Eventually, after conversion to petrol, it was used as a 'starter fuel' tank, then both tanks were used for fuel/oil mixture storage, giving a range on one filling of over 300 miles. 'JO' would cruise happily at 45-50, do 65 in short bursts, and give about 60 mpg on the most bizarre mixtures of paraffin, acetone, benzene, petroleum ether, solvent naphtha and four different alcohols. Sometimes, even on 'Pool' petrol . . .! Waste oil from vacuum pumps, sumps and gearboxes blended happily with azeotropic mixtures of all the above (those inseparable even by fractional distillation), and JO loved these cocktails, just occasionally sooting his Lodge CB3 plug if they got a bit too rich. He went to nearly all the trials in Kent and Surrey, to grass-track racing and scrambling at Brands Hatch, before it took on a hard surface and world fame. It was at these events that JO and I first saw John Catchpole in his prime performing on Scotts, and decided to buy one. After 18 months JO was sold in order to buy the first of many Scotts — an LFY model from Catchpole.

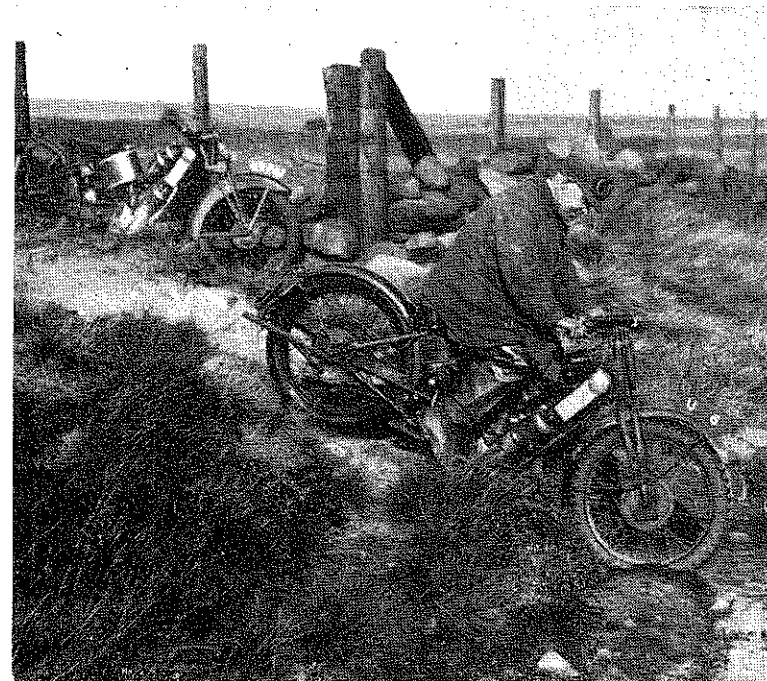
The pictures of Reynolds' Special LV 3525, on page 266 of the October *Yowl*, prompted a letter from its new owner. P.J. Benson of Sidcup has owned it since October, 1984, and has taken it to many events in the past two years, including the Brooklands Reunion and the Festival of 1,000 Bikes. It is now due for annual overhaul which will include re-coring of original radiator, rewinding of magneto and re-bushing of rear springing units.

* * * *

North-Western Section meetings are held quarterly at the Whipping Stocks, near Knutsford, usually on the first Tuesday of March, June, September and December.

* * * *

'Our Sporting Heritage' is the title of a series of jigsaw puzzles marketed by Trolbourne Limited, 25 Nelson Road, Greenwich, London, S.E.10. The original paintings from which they were made are by Peter Heard; style No. 2087 — 'Motorecycling' — represents a Scott Sprint Special, registration 70 MK, at Land's End. The artist has greatly simplified the Scott details, but it makes a good present for the next generation of Scott riders.



Billy Moore on the Yorkshire moors in the late 'twenties, doing a spot of the hard stuff in preparation for one of the Scott Trials.

(Plate by courtesy of *Motorcyclist Illustrated*)

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS & CHANGED ADDRESSES

- CASSON, B., 42 Foxridge Drive, Cambridge, ONTARIO, CANADA, N3C 3M8.
GLENDENNING, I. T., 93 Newgate Street, Morpeth, NORTHUMBERLAND NE61 1BZ.
HECKSCHER, M. J., 189 Holders Hill Road, LONDON NW7 1ND.
CLARK, T. G., 28 Elie Avenue, Broughty Ferry, DUNDEE DD5 3SF, SCOTLAND.
FARROW, A. W., Haling Rise, 21 Haling Park Road, South Croydon, SURREY CR2 6NJ.
HARRISON, M. R., 35 Central Drive, Northallerton, N. YORKSHIRE DL6 1EX.
LEYLAND, E. W., Woodbank Cottage, Mansfield Road, New Cumnock, SCOTLAND KA18 4NS.
MOREY, J. W., 20 Hillview, Bradpole, BRIDPORT, DORSET.
ROBINSON, N., 76 The Boulevard, Edenthorpe, DONCASTER DN3 2QJ.
MISSIURO, P. T., 1 Gunnersbury Gardens, Acton, LONDON W9 9AE.
NEWMAN, J. E., 22 Wellington Road, WOKINGHAM, BERKSHIRE RG11 2AE.

PEARCE, I. J., 24 Innage Lane, Bridgnorth, SHROPSHIRE.
 Thunbo. PEDERSEN, P., Struervej 4, 8900 RANDERS, DENMARK.
 SIMONARD, P. E., Lowfield House, Bleach Mill Lane, MENSTON,
 ILKLEY.
 WRIGHT, A. D., 36 Borough Avenue, WALLINGFORD, OXON OX10
 0TB.
 COOK, B. J., 1 Linnets, BASILDON, ESSEX.
 DAVIDSON, A., 4 Wetzlar Street, West Bank, EAST LONDON, 5201,
 Rep. of S. AFRICA.
 HALLING, R., 108 Langley Lane, Burton Joyce, NOTTINGHAM NG14
 5BL.
 ROSSITER, P., Glenwood, Low Ham, Langport, SOMERSET TA10 9DT.
 ROWLAND, A. G., 52 Hillside Gardens, Walthamstow, LONDON E17
 3RJ.
 WHITTLE, D., 4 Stoney Royd, Whitworth, ROCHDALE, LANCS OL12
 8JL.
 CRAGGS, B. N., Littledale, West Road, TETFORD, LINCS. LN9 6QP.
 CRAGGS, J. E., 111 Blackshaw Road, Tooting, LONDON SW17 0BU.
 DEAVALL, D. H., 15B Inglemere Drive, Wildwood, STAFFORD.
 KINGWILL, M., 3 Townsend St. Nhill, 3418, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.
 NEDHAM, M. A., Stoneleigh High Street, Yetminster, SHERBORNE,
 DORSET DT9 6LF.
 PARSONS, I. H., Wharf House, Hanbury Road, DROITWICH SPA,
 WORCS. WR9 7DU.



Ballig Bridge, 1930. The late Mavro, in his prime, making a front-wheel landing during his first lap in the Manx Grand Prix. He covered the second lap at 69.92 mph, then retired with a collapsed fork spring at Sulby.

(Plate by courtesy of *Motorcycle Sport*)

CORROSION

by "Commode"

Recently I have heard of several Scott owners using unprotected stainless steel cylinder head studs in detachable heads. Several years ago, we issued a warning about this and galvanic corrosion in cylinder heads.

Corrosion of a material cannot be considered on its own, as some materials in isolation will hardly corrode at all (e.g. stainless steel or aluminium); others will corrode at a much higher rate, like unprotected mild steel. Putting them in contact with each other can cause *extreme* corrosion, and stainless steel and aluminium are good examples of this. The combinations of materials which will corrode vary with the type of each material and the environment in which they are placed. The addition of an electrolyte such as water (or especially salt water, as I am sure all our boating friends will know), will greatly increase the corrosion. Add other impurities, such as dissolving salts from the corroding material, and corrosion gets rampant.

The amount of corrosion that is taking place can in fact be ascertained by measuring the voltage between the substances. Sometimes we can use a material which, in contact with another material, will corrode in such a way that it actually protects the material it is touching. Mild steel coated with zinc is a very good example of this; galvanised buckets seem to last for ever but will eventually rust when not enough of the zinc coating is left.

The zinc is of course sacrificing itself for the steel, and sacrificial anodes are now used a lot in certain manufactured items. You can even get a zinc sacrificial anode to put on your car! How well it would work I do not know, for the area of one material relative to the other is important. What we actually want are zinc coated cars and bikes!

A few examples follow. Some of them may not be logical, and in each case the rate of corrosion will depend on the exact make-up of each material and, as we have already said, the ratio of one material area to another.

Magnesium Alloy

This material is bad news, and must be kept from direct contact with any other material.

Aluminium

Will corrode badly in direct contact with any other material.

Steel and Cast Iron

Against stainless steel these will surprisingly cause bad corrosion, but are reasonable against alloy. (Of course the alloy corrodes). They will corrode very badly against nickel (sorry!), brass, copper or silver solder.

Nickel

Surprisingly will itself corrode against stainless, brass, copper or silver solder.

Brass

Even this is supposed to be bad against stainless or copper, but I must admit it is used for central-heating system fittings.

Copper

Very bad against stainless, so do not mix the two.

Stainless Steel

This will corrode badly only if the the 16-18% Cr type, or when against nickel, brass, copper or silver steel.

How we can cut down corrosion

1. Keep the materials apart; use a cadmium or preferably a zinc washer. Do not use nylon or fibre washers, both of which absorb water, but use jointing compounds especially made to insulate against corrosion, i.e. paint or PVC.
2. Protect the materials by plating with cadmium or zinc and/or by using paint.
3. Keep out all forms of moisture electrolyte. Again, use special compounds or assemble with wet paint.

Please do not assume this is a comprehensive list. Two materials of the same type but of slightly different manufacture will not be inert to galvanic action, and there are plenty of oddballs. Multiplicity of materials can cause all sorts of strange effects. So, back to those cylinder head studs: use high-tensile steel, and plate with zinc or cadmium. (It is very difficult to get stainless plated). Clean out and paint the holes, then assemble with anti-corrosion compound. Also please note that copper/asbestos gaskets cause head corrosion. What is the answer to that?

AUSTRALIAN (VICTORIA) SECTION NOTES

Neil C. Earnshaw

At present our far-flung section members get together for two organised meetings per year, one in November, the other around April.

This year's November gathering was again held at the same farm property as the previous year's meet, near Darraweit Guim, approximately fifty kilometres north of Melbourne; and what a day it was! Our hosts Melina and Kevin Ryan must have approved of our company, considering that they invited us back again.

Almost thirty people met at 'Bolinda Park' to enjoy a very informal day of Scott indulgence. The weather was perfect, warm and sunny, not too hot, just right in fact. Five Scotts arrived, including a very original Cyc Auto (Ray Matthews) and a mid-thirties Flyer (Horrie Fullard). Three of the bikes were ridden to the venue, these being Cec Prior's 1930 Sports Squirrel, Tony Edwards' 1936 Flyer and a 1930 Flyer ridden by Vic Knol. Unfortunately Ron Walter and his wife had to return their 1912 Scott to its stable owing to trailer problems. We were all disappointed when they arrived minus bike.

The format of the gathering had, as usual, a very relaxed informal air about it. Barbecue facilities were available in the most pleasant rural surroundings, but apart from that it was 'bring your own everything'. And bring everything they did, with all sorts of Scott articles coming to light for inspection followed by the inevitable eager discussion.

After lunch voting slips were handed out so we could democratically decide on the 'Machine of the Year'. It was almost unanimous that Cec Prior should receive the award for his Sports Squirrel (he voted for another man's machine). Cec was duly presented with The London Shield (kindly donated by our friends in the London Section of S.O.C. — a perpetual trophy), as well as a permanent trophy donated by Dick Firkins of Sydney. Most of those present had seen the magnificent London Shield at our April meeting, but envious eyes really popped when they saw the Dick Firkins Award for the first time. It consists of a polished wooden pedestal with a brass squirrel on top, and a Scott transfer on the face of the vertical column — very appropriate. Cec was almost beside himself with glee, and who wouldn't have been? Well done Cec.

Perhaps the presentation of awards was the highlight of the day, but I received glowing satisfaction seeing all those Scott folk gathered together, beaming with happiness and full of enthusiasm. As if that wasn't enough, Eddie Hammond had very thoughtfully brought along a Christmas card to be signed by all members present, which he then posted off to the conceiver of our section, Harold Scott.

Our thanks go to Melina and Kevin Ryan for their hospitality, the London Section and Dick Firkins for the awards, and Horrie Fullard for his part in organising such a memorable day.

Seen at the 1986 Scott Rally at Stanford Hall: nicely-made aluminium reproductions of the old 'Scott' horn cover, with little squirrel-on-bars, but minus the enamelled limit gauge badge. If the manufacturer will make himself known, some free publicity in *Yowl* might help him — and club members.

NORTHERN SECTION CHRISTMAS MEETING, DECEMBER 7th, 1986.

Martin Hodkin.

The Northern Section Christmas Meeting proved as popular as ever. An excellent hot and cold buffet meal was provided in the Museum Cafeteria prior to the Meeting.

Due to illness our guest speaker Roger Moss was unable to attend the Meeting; all members present wished Roger a speedy recovery. At the shortest possible notice Dennis McCarthy, a club member from Hull, stepped into the breach and gave a most interesting talk. Dennis has just retired from the prison education service and this subject along with his experiences rebuilding his 2-speed Scott made for a most unusual discussion.

After a vote of thanks to Dennis proposed by our Chairman Colin Pinder, we moved on to the other subjects on the Meeting Agenda.

Mrs. C. H. Wood again graciously consented to draw the raffle, which had many and various prizes donated by members. Many thanks to Shirley Cumming for her hard work selling the raffle tickets on the day, along with the lengthy arrangements for the pre-meeting meal.

The next subject discussed was the 1987 Events List, which has several departures from previous dates and types of event.

Much to my surprise, I again received the Tees-Tyne Clubman of the Year Award; I do thank all those members who voted for me.

For our March 15th Meeting, Mrs. C.H. Wood has very kindly offered for inspection a very large number of photographs, the property of her late husband. I intend to make these photographs the subject of that meeting; they will, I am sure, be of great interest to Scott Owners and contain many period shots of various sporting events.

The Meeting concluded at 4.30 p.m. after a most lively and entertaining afternoon.

It only remains for me to wish all members a Happy New Year and safe journeys in 1987.

Allusions to autojumbles and the like, in these pages, tend to have a Northern flavour. That is because editorial experience is mainly restricted to events north of Brum. Undoubtedly Beaulieu's International Autojumble, the weekend after the Scott Rally, is *the* event of its kind; this year perhaps a Scott-slanted report will follow.

That article on corrosion, by 'Commode', gives cause for thought. When rebuilding on old vintage flyer engine recently, the iron flanges on which the water-dome casting rests were found to be badly rusted away; there was hardly any seating left. A tip from Ken Lack was adopted — the use of elastomer O-rings instead of copper-asbestos gaskets. (Ken calls this 'Last Resort Engineering'). A beautiful new water-head was purchased from the club spares scheme, and some snugly-fitting 'Viton' O-rings from Edwards Vacuum Ltd. Even with these, the area of seating contact was small indeed. It was increased by laying big, flat washers on what was left of the flanges. (These were punched out of very thin stainless steel sheet, using appropriate diameter punch die and power guillotine). They were followed by the O-rings, in turn squeezed up by the machined alloy face, as the locking rings were tightened. Both stainless steel and aluminium faces were given a coat of acrylic paint, before assembly, and they are separated by a non-conductor. Nevertheless, they form electrodes in a solution. Will they last better than the original copper-aluminium couple, which saw off so many heads? On the *outside*, Ken's neatly made circular locking-rings are cadmium plated, creating a cadmium-iron-aluminium mixture! Perhaps another thin interposing washer should be made? PTFE, perhaps, or that brittle thin Tufnol once used as dielectric material. Anything, it seems but stainless steel!

Considering the wide range of seemingly incompatible metals and alloys used in old engines, it is remarkable how well some of them have survived. Perhaps the longevity has something to do with ineradicable oil leaks? One rarely finds corrosion *between* those well-lubricated crankcase blades! Yet that beautifully-polished outside, unless it is lavished with attention, Autosol and elbow grease, can be a problem. According to the experts, freshly polished Aluminium oxidises rapidly (in a few minutes) but this molecular layer is supposed to prevent any further corrosion in depth. (This is, after all, the principle of anodising.) But the theorists are talking about fairly pure metal, not the crankcase alloys of half-a-century back. No matter how much one 'flats' and files and polishes some old castings, there is always a grey tracery to be seen, something like a faint cobweb through the metal. Modern die-cast aluminium doesn't show it, and the polishing of some timing covers, side-shields and the like is a joy.

ENTHUSIASTS' EMPORIUM

For Sale, Wanted or Exchange adverts — free service to members. For insertion in the April issue of *Yowl*, copy must reach G. Stevens, S.E.E.S., U.C.N.W., Bangor, Gwynedd LL57 1UT, before the end of February.

For sale: 1938 Scott Flying Squirrel (non-runner). Lots of work done; Pilgrim reduction gear; new mudguards; DPZ 4615. £1,400. D. Moller, 247 Ware Road, Hertford, Herts. SG13 7EJ. (0992-581032).

For sale: Scott Flying Squirrel, 1928 frame, 1957 engine, for rebuild. 90% complete, very good condition. £800; no time wasters. Birditt, 14 Abbotstone Road, London SW15 1QR. 01-785 7207 (home), 09323-40666 (work).

For sale: Inverted clutch and brake levers in top quality polished stainless steel. Two lengths: 5½ and 6½ inch. £39 per pair. Please supply inside diameter of bars. Pat Hodge, 1 Tilstone Close, Eton Wick, Windsor, Berks. SL4 6NG. Telephone: Windsor 860915.

For sale: *Yowls* '81-'86 with binder, £24. Clutch back plate £7; Sliding dog £6; Mainshaft £6, all in good condition. Mainshaft (new) £20. 211 outrigger sprocket (new) £23. Clutch release lever, original (new) £32. Vintage rear light "tophat" £10. S.A.E. with all enquiries. J. Cook, 9 Hillcrest, Kilmington, near Axminster, Devon EX13 7RY.

Wanted: Handchange gearbox for Flying Squirrel. Please 'phone (0332) 514852.

Wanted: L/S block and detachable head, with pistons, 498cc or 596cc. Also saddle, 1-inch clutch and brake levers, 1-inch air and ignition levers (1948). Also chrome cover for 1934 radiator, and hand gearchange lever. G. T. Harrison, 272 King's Acre Road, Hereford HR4 0SD. Telephone: 272755.

Wanted: Handchange gearbox for Flying Squirrel, any ratios/except "Vintage Wide." A gear cluster or even individual gears would be a help. Please ring Geoff Smart on 0332-514852.

Wanted: To buy, borrow or hire, a sidecar suitable for '29 Flyer, even just a chassis will suffice. Needed to obtain full motorcycle licence. Tim Corbishley, 150 Wayside Green, Woodcote, Reading RG8 0QJ. Tel: 0491 681723.

Scott thoughts from John Catchpole, forty years ago:

Worn mains . . .
. . . oil the chains

When you can't *make* the old Scott go faster,
You've got to *will* it to go faster!

SOURCES OF SUPPLY

Sam Pearce and Son Motorcycles, Unit No. 5, Stanley Lane, Bridgenorth, Shropshire. Tel: 2743.

K. W. Lack, 5 Norton Lees Square, Sheffield S8 8P.

K. W. Swallow & Sons, 21 Station Lane, Golcar, Huddersfield.

Dickens Vintage Motor Cycle Parts, 7 Orchard Road, Bishop's Stortford, Herts CM23 2AS. Tel.: 0279 52992.

Club Spares Scheme (all models), Gerry Howard, 7 Orchard Road, Bishops Stortford, Herts CM23 2AS.

David Brierley, 83 Forrester Green, Colerne, Chippenham, Wiltshire SN14 8EA. Tel: 0225 742988.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Annual subscription £9.00. All subscriptions fall due on 1st January. Cheques should be made payable to "Scott Owners' Club" and sent to the Membership Secretary.

YOWL BINDERS

Binders to take five years issues. Doug Wright, 9 Elm Close, Long Bennington, Newark, Notts. Price £3.15 inclusive of postage for UK members, and £3.50 inclusive of postage for overseas members.

CLUB BADGES AND REGALIA

The Badge Secretary supplies machine badges, transfers, lapel badges, club ties, fluorescent headlamp covers 7 or 8 inch. 'T' shirt transfers etc. Stamped addressed envelope for details.

MONTHLY CLUB FIXTURES

Midland: British Legion Rooms, Rubery. 3rd Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

London: 'Clock House', Leather Lane, London. Last Saturday, at 7.30 p.m.

Sussex: Join in V.M.C.C. meeting Labouring Man, Colwaltham. 4th Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

Sheffield Scott Club, Victoria Hotel, 248 Neepsend Lane, Sheffield. Every Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS

Northern, N. Western & S. Western Sections. S.A.E. to Secretaries for information.

SLEPE TECHNICAL BOOKS

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